

THE
Antiquity
OF THE
B A S S.

To which is added,
The Generous Maid.



Entered according to Order.

The Antiquity
OF THE
BASIS.

I Am an isle of most renown
that is into the sea,
Belonging to the Scottish crown,
there's none compar'd with me.
My noble name into great fame,
both far and near doth pass,
Thro' all Britain, both France and Spain,
its talked of the Bass.
The western and the Orkney isles,
and those in Zetland are
Towards the north full many miles,
I do surpass them far.
Within the Frith of Forth now I
full pleasantly do stand;
And Fife and Lothian both I spy,
the May on my right hand;
On my south-side Tamtallan strong
doth stand up me before,
Which pleasantly is built along
upon the ocean shore.
By art and nature guarded well
about on every hand,
Which once the doughty Douglasses
did many years command.



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I am a rock of wond'rous height,
and very steep withal,
He's sure to go to death outright,
that from my top doth fall.
John, many can he witness be,
if I a lie do make,
Who from my top goes in a rope,
young solan geese to take;
Which solan geese, I tell to you,
if I'm informed right,
Do bring no little revenue
unto Sir Hugh, the knight.
When Neptune in an awful guise
doth rouse the raging main,
And watery billows they arise,
like to a high mountain,
And coming roling with great force,
asunder me to bear;
Yet I their rage have bidden now
above four thousand years.
Since Noah's flood, I have safe stood,
even to this very hour,
Tho' furiously he's beaten me
with all his might and power.
When Picts did rule the land,
they built a strength on me,
That ever bravely did withstand
the foreign enemy.

The passage up the rock is stay
 and easy to defend,
 That none can pass in any way,
 but one by one ascend.
 The Roman eagle when it flew
 thro' Caledon of old,
 Attended with a warlike crew
 of soldiers stout and bold,
 These sons of Mars into their wars
 came here, but small renown,
 For to beg peace upon their knees,
 before our king came down.
 The Saxons never me dismay'd,
 nor the insulting Danes,
 Who oft their banners have display'd
 on Scotia's fairest plains.
 And in an hostile manner they
 our nation came to spoil,
 Whom our ancestors drove away,
 home to their native soil.
 And they got nought but death and wounds,
 which made their friends to mourn;
 At last they sware, to Scottish ground
 they never would return.
 When Wallace liv'd, the Englishmen
 I did withstand with power,
 Under brave Lauder, who was then
 my noble governor.

And likewise in the Bruces reign
I boldly did defend,
Against all force of English King
did to our nation send ;
And near an hundred years ago,
when Cromwel at Dunbar,
Did once our Scots army overthrow
thro' treachery and war,
And did our nation over run
after that bloody field,
Yet could the tyrant never win,
nor once make me to yield.
The Danish cow along was sent,
well rigged on the sea,
Enraged, with a full intent
for to demolish me ;
So she did sail with a swift gale
betwixt me and the shore,
On my south side, and then with pride,
she did begin to roar ;
Her cannon-balls against my walls
she never could direct,
But on the rock she did them knock,
which was to no effect.
When she had fir'd till she was tir'd,
and done all that she can,
She's forc'd to pass and leave the Bass
standing as she began :

There's not one ship, 'tis truth I speak,
 that was mine enemy,
 But with her guns I made them strike,
 and homage pay to me.
 Until king William got the throne,
 and did possess the crown,
 Thro' the counsel of Ormiston,
 they beat my castle down.
 O Willy it is a great pity
 ye did not let it stand,
 This fortress of antiquity,
 the strongest in the land;
 Well situate upon a rock,
 surrounded by the sea,
 And proof against the greatest shock
 of the fierce enemy.
 Near to my top is to be seen
 a spring of water clear,
 And forty sheep I do maintain
 all days into the year;
 The which do safe and warm go,
 and nothing do them fright,
 For scarce a grain of winter's snow
 will lodge with me all night.
 Neither will any hurtful beast
 remain with me at all;
 A toad, a serpent, or a mouse,
 nor no such animal:

But many birds about me are,
and fowls that's fine and rare,
And many thousand solan geese
about me do repair.

The which do fly ay constantly
about the briny flood,
In strict watch, and all to catch
their natural fishy food.

When March begins they do come in
to live upon the Bass;

And I remember in September
they away do pass,

Into what part, or in what airt,
to what nation, or what isle,

No man can know where they do go,
when absent all the while.

The scart, the scout, the kitty-wake
about me love to be;

The baratack doth pleasure take
to bear me company.

Proud Tommy Norie on my hill
his young ones up doth breed,

Thinks who but him and his red bill,
a jarry bird indeed;

His back and breast well decked be
with feathers fine and fair,

A prettier bird I'm sure than he
did never wing the air:

Its strange to think what kind of birds
 about me you will find ;
 Starlings and maws, doves and jack-daws,
 and hawks after their kind.
 If any one but come to me,
 the fowls so thick do fly
 Above their heads, they scarce will see
 the sun into the sky.
 Of fish below and fowls above
 about me there is store,
 Which in the air and water move,
 and so I say no more.

The Generous Maid.

WHY should I my passion smother,
 or the man I love torment,
 Frowns may drive him to another,
 then too late I may repent !
 Often has he fondly woo'd me,
 yet I always seemed coy,
 Tho' in pleasant strains he su'd me,
 'gainst my will I did deny.
 Thus we forc'd ourselves to suffer,
 slighting what we so much prize ;
 Yet 'tis easy to discover
 our own thoughts within our eyes.

F I N I S.

